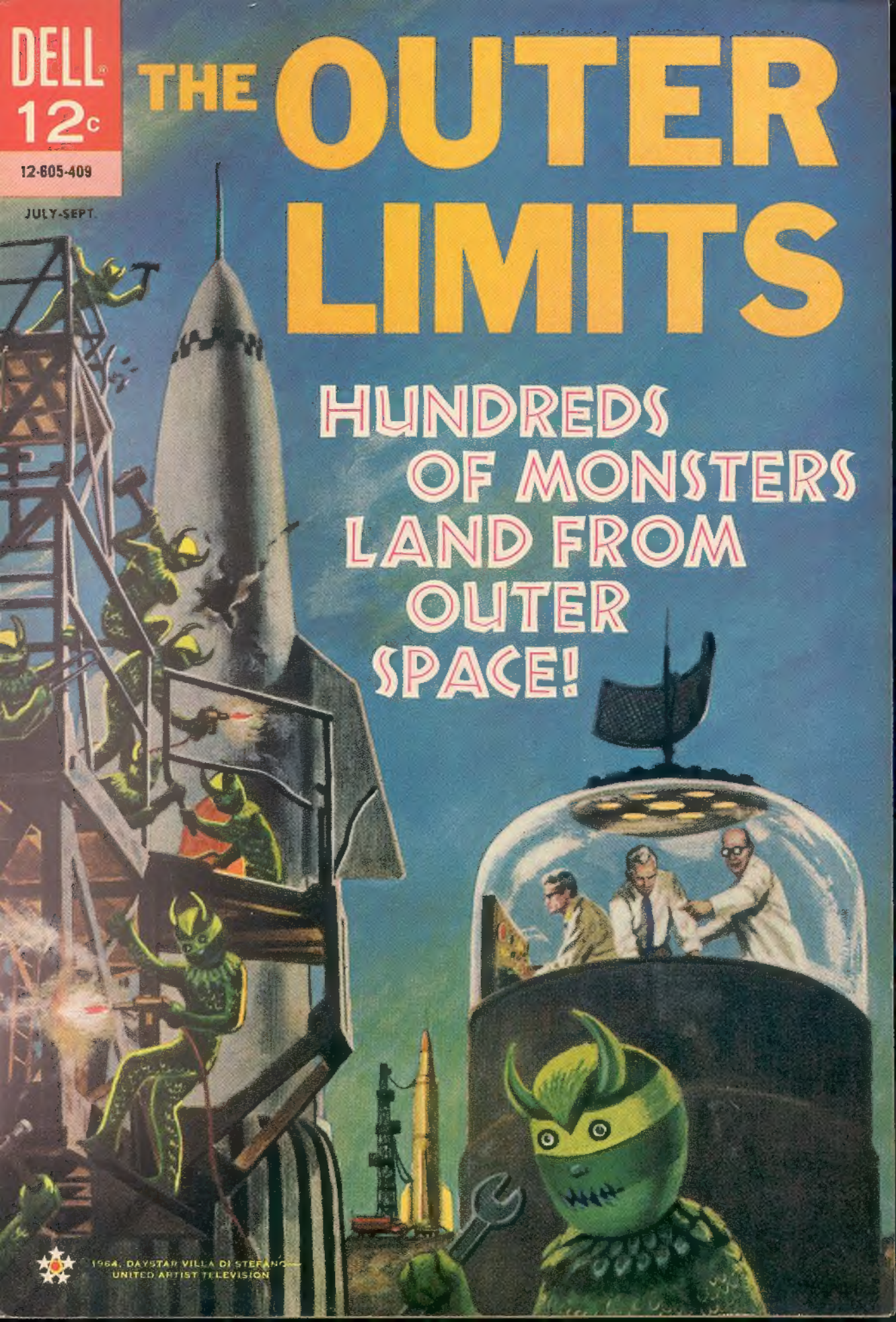
DELL
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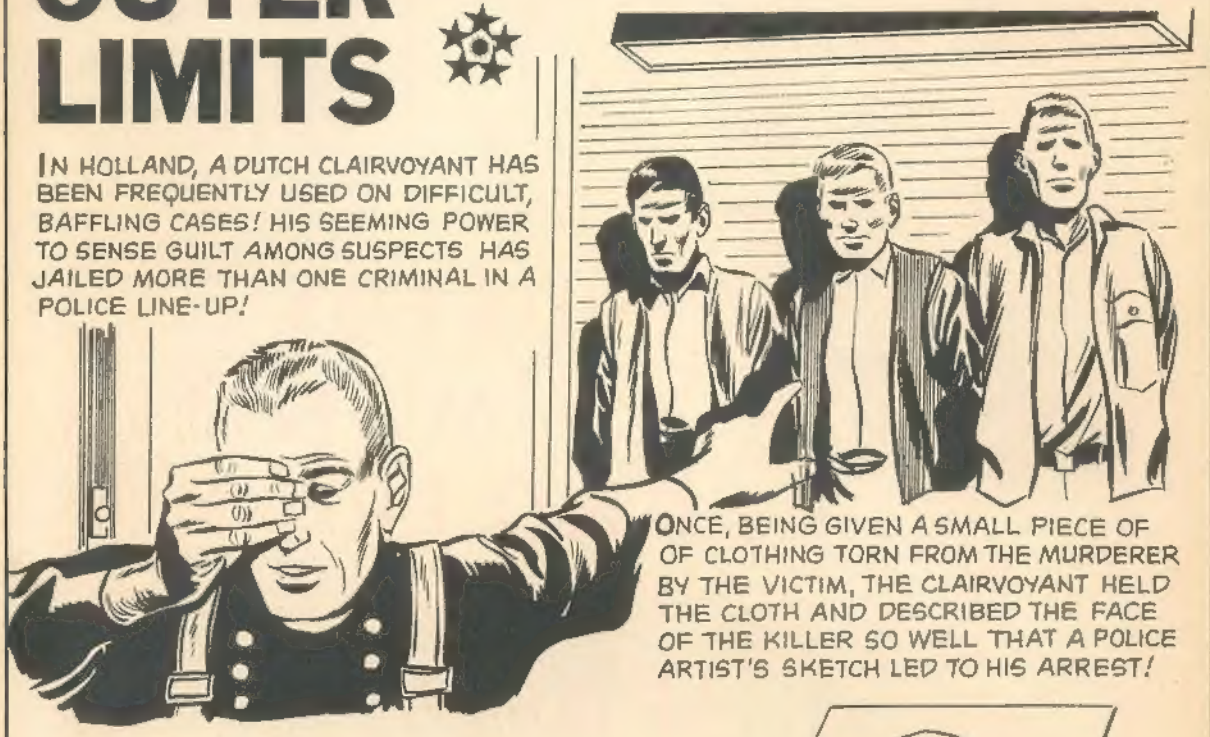
THE OUTER LIMITS
HUNDREDS OF MONSTERS LAND FROM OUTER SPACE!
1964, DAYSTAR VILLA DI STEFANO
UNITED ARTIST TELEVISION

MYSTERIOUS ?

OUTER LIMITS

IN HOLLAND, A DUTCH CLAIRVOYANT HAS BEEN FREQUENTLY USED ON DIFFICULT, BAFFLING CASES! HIS SEEMING POWER TO SENSE GUILT AMONG SUSPECTS HAS JAILED MORE THAN ONE CRIMINAL IN A POLICE LINE-UP!



ONCE, BEING GIVEN A SMALL PIECE OF OF CLOTHING TORN FROM THE MURDERER BY THE VICTIM, THE CLAIRVOYANT HELD THE CLOTH AND DESCRIBED THE FACE OF THE KILLER SO WELL THAT A POLICE ARTIST'S SKETCH LED TO HIS ARREST!

RIDING IN AN ABANDONED GETAWAY CAR CAR, HE FELT "CONTACT" WITH THE FLEEING ROBBERS AND WAS ABLE TO TELL THE POLICE WHERE THE GANG WAS HIDING!

THE OUTER LIMITS
"NO, DOCTOR, I WASN'T IMAGINING IT! NOT THEN NOR ANY OF THE OTHER TIMES! MEN SUBJECT TO DAYDREAMING OR SEEING THINGS AREN'T PUT IN CHARGE OF OUR MAN-ON-MARS SPACE PROJECT AS I WAS! NO, I'M A TRAINED ASTROPHYSICIST AND TAUGHT TO OBJECTIVELY OBSERVE WHAT I SEE! WHEN I SAY I SAW THOSE WEIRD MENACING CREATURES HOVERING AROUND EXPERIMENTAL BOOSTER AT LAUNCH TIME, I KNOW THEY WERE THERE! THEY WERE ALWAYS THERE AT THE CRITICAL MOMENT, BUT THIS TIME I WAS DETERMINED NOT TO LET THEM DESTROY OR DELAY OUR PROJECT TO PUT A MAN-ON-MARS!
TURN BACK! STOP THEM! YOU MUST SEE THEM! THEY'RE UNFASTENING THE FEED-LINK COUPLING! THEY'LL BLOW UP THE BIRD BEFORE SHE'S LAUNCHED!
SEE WHO, PROFESSOR STRONG? THERE'S NO ONE BY THE BIRD, SHE'S READY FOR LAUNCH!
THEY LANDED FIRST

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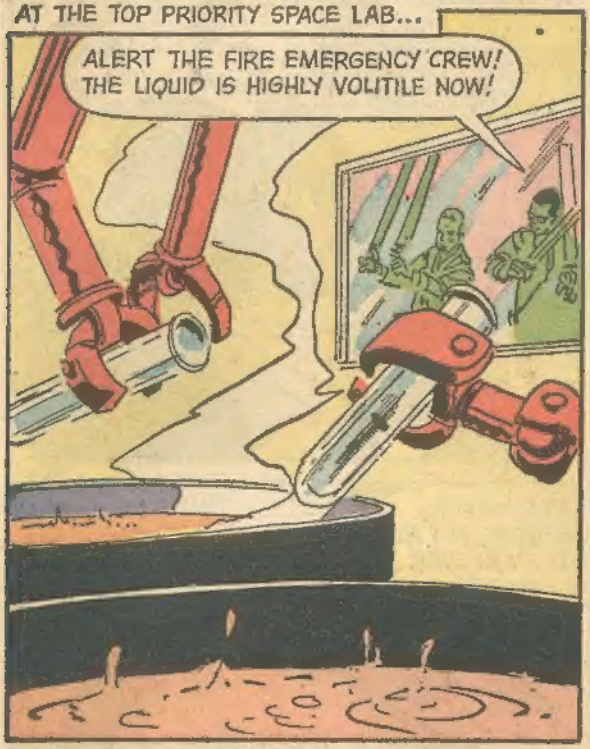
"I RAN FOR THE MISSILE! I HAD TO RECONNECT THE COUPLING, BUT THE WORK CREW CAUGHT ME..."

"WITH A RESIGNED SIGH, THE CREW STARTED BACK! BUT THOSE CUNNING, DEVILISH CREATURES --THOSE SPACE GREMLINS-- RECONNECTED THE FITTINGS..."

"OVERWORK! THAT'S WHAT THEY BLAMED, AS THEY HAULED ME INTO THE CONTROL BUNKER! NO ONE LISTENED TO MY DIRE PREDICTIONS, AND THEN THE LAUNCH BUTTON WAS PUSHED! FOR A HUNDRED MICRO-SECONDS THE BIRD STARTED OFF HER PAD, THEN THERE WAS A SICKENING, EXPLOSIVE ROAR..."

"OVER A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF MACHINERY, MONTHS OF PATIENT WORK WERE SUDDENLY BURSTING APART IN A FIERY FURY! AND ALL--ALL AVOIDABLE!"
"I SANK DOWN WITH WEARY RESIGNATION..."
IF THEY'D ONLY LISTENED! DIDN'T I SAY IT WOULD EXPLODE?
YES, YOU DID, STRONG, BUT HOW DID YOU EVER GUESS IT?
GUESS! IT WAS NO GUESS! I SAW THEM--THOSE SPACE GREMLINS SABOTAGING THE MISSILES! BUT NO ONE LISTENED! NO ONE!
I'M AFRAID OUR TIME IS UP, PROFESSOR STRONG! I'M PUTTING YOU ON A MILD TRANQUILIZER! LET'S SEE IF THAT DOESN'T GET RID OF THOSE "SPACE GREMLINS"!
SO YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME EITHER! ALL RIGHT, MAYBE I AM IMAGINING IT ALL! WE'LL SEE!

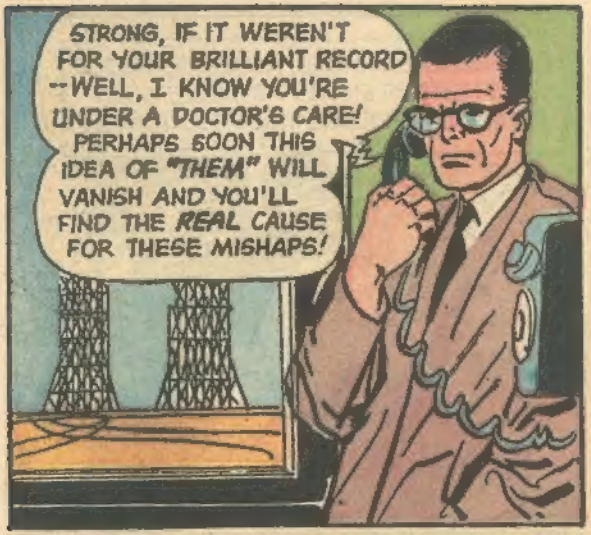
FOR TWO DAYS, THE ROUTINE WORK OF RECATALYZING THE FUTURE MISSILE'S FUEL CONTINUES AT THE TOP PRIORITY SPACE LAB...

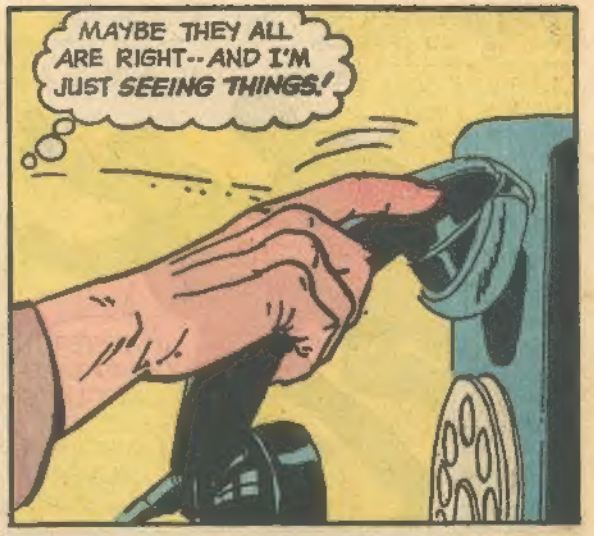


NO NEED FOR EXTRA PRECAUTIONS, PROFESSOR STRONG! THESE SLAVE-HANDS WILL MAKE THE TRANSFERAL EASY!
I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT OUR SKILLS -- BUT OUTSIDE INTERFERENCE!

DESPITE THE SCIENTIST'S WARNING CRY, HIS CO-WORKER CONTINUES THE DELICATE MIXING, AS SUDDENLY, FLAME ERUPTS WITH STARTLING TERROR...

WITH DANGEROUS SPEED, THE CHEMICAL FIRE FLARES AND SPREADS...
THIS WAY OUT! I WARNED YOU WHAT WOULD HAPPEN--
NEVER MIND THAT! JUST LET'S GET OUT OF THIS ALIVE!
AS THE BLAZE RAGES, ASBESTOS SUITED FIREFIGHTERS SLOWLY ADVANCE, THEIR SPRAYS CONTROLLING THE HOLOCAUST...
NOW DO YOU BELIEVE ME? I WARNED YOU THAT I SAW ONE OF THEM POURING A VIAL OF SOMETHING INTO THE TUBE!
I SAW NO ONE! ABSOLUTELY NOTHING! YOUR WARNING WAS JUST A COINCIDENCE!
PROFESSOR STRONG, IT'S YOUR BOSS--HEAD OF THE SPACE AGENCY!
IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR WORD TO REACH HIM, DID IT?
STRONG, JUST HOW LONG DID THIS LATEST ACCIDENT DELAY OUR MAN-ON-MARS SCHEDULE? AND HOW CAN WE STOP THESE ACCIDENTS?
THE DELAY--A MONTH! THE WAY TO STOP THE ACCIDENTS--STOP THEM!!


STRONG, IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOUR BRILLIANT RECORD --WELL, I KNOW YOU'RE UNDER A DOCTOR'S CARE! PERHAPS SOON THIS IDEA OF "THEM" WILL VANISH AND YOU'LL FIND THE REAL CAUSE FOR THESE MISHAPS!



THE BACK-UP BOOSTER IS RUSHED AHEAD! FOR A WEEK, NOT AN ACCIDENT PLAGUES THE SPACE MISSILE BASE! THEN, STRONG WATCHES THE GUIDANCE GYRO BEING CAREFULLY TESTED...

A-OKAY, PROFESSOR STRONG! THE GYRO WILL GUIDE THE BIRD PERFECTLY!
THEN MOUNT IT INTO THE MISSILE AND THE LAUNCH WILL BE HELD TOMORROW!

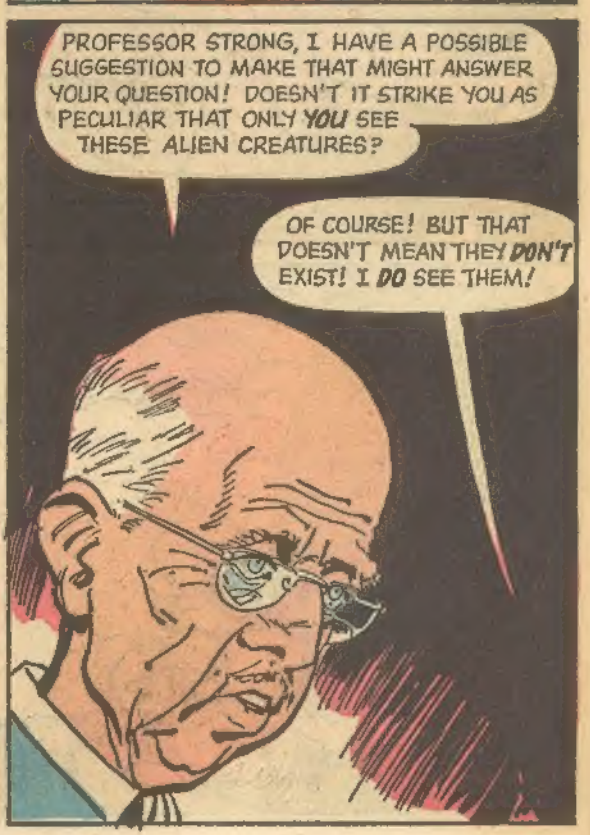
AS THE OTHERS LEAVE, PROFESSOR STRONG COMPLETES SIGNING HIS CHECK LIST. SUDDENLY, HIS EYES WIDEN IN AMAZEMENT...

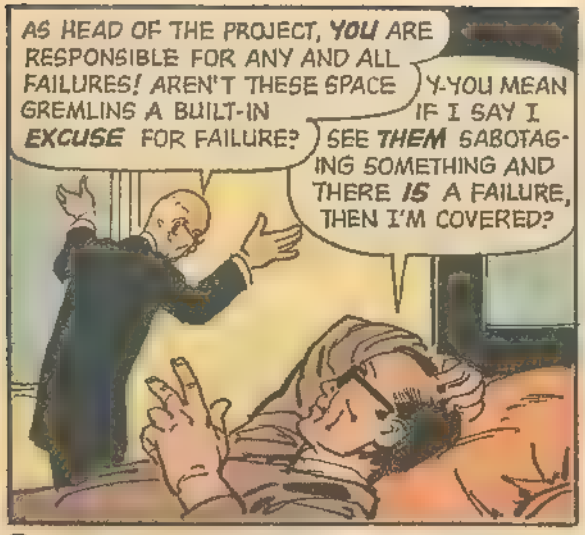
YOU MUST SEE THEM! THEY WERE TINKERING WITH THE GYRO! THERE THEY GO! LOOK!!
YES, OF COURSE, PROFESSOR! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM! RIGHT NOW, REST!
PUT UNDER SEDATION, PROFESSOR STRONG COMES TO, GROGGILY, THE NEXT DAY. ROUSED BY SIRENS ANNOUNCING THE APPROACHING LAUNCH, THE DESPERATE, DEDICATED MAN RUSHES INTO THE CONTROL ROOM...
DON'T LAUNCH HER! HER GUIDANCE SYSTEM WON'T WORK!
TOO LATE! SHE'S FIRED!
SEE? YOUR FEARS WERE NEEDLESS! SHE'S RISING IN PERFECT TRAJECTORY! GYRO MONITOR SHOWS HER SYSTEM IS WORKING IDEALLY!
UP AND UP, THE HUGE SPACE-PROBING MISSILE HURTLES! THEN, SUDDENLY, IT TREMBLES, WOBBLES, AND VEERS WILDLY AND STARTS ON A DANGEROUS COURSE BACK THROUGH THE CLOUDS, FOR THE EARTH BELOW...

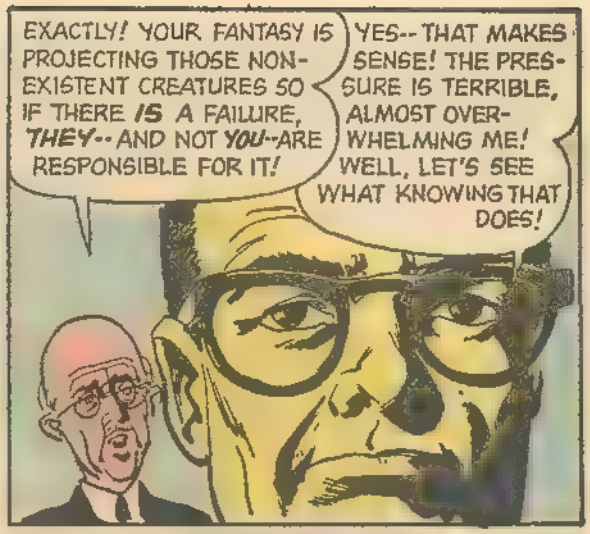
WITH A SHUDDERING, SAND-SPLATTERING EXPLOSION, THE GREAT MISSILE LANDS...
B'WOOM!

HARDLY HAS THE ECHO OF THE ROARING, BURSTING MISSILE FADED OUT, WHEN ANGRY CITIZENS SWARM TO THE MISSILE BASE...
ONE MILE FURTHER DOWN THE BEACH AND HUNDREDS OF BATHERS WOULD HAVE BEEN KILLED!
YOU PEOPLE GUARANTEED OUR SAFETY!

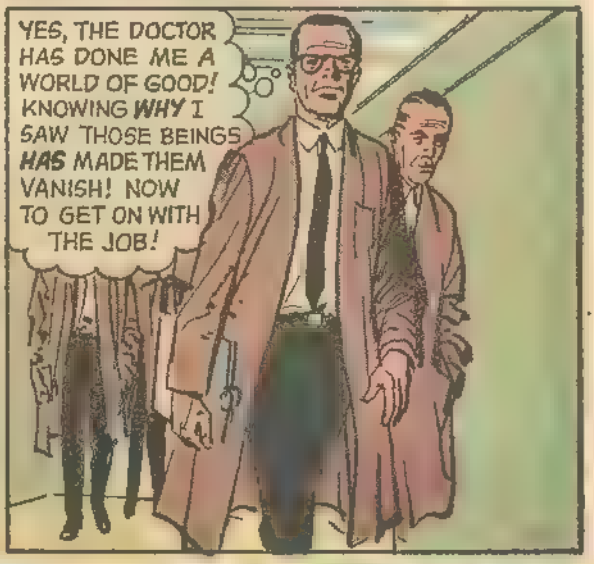
EXHAUSTED AND DEFEATED, STANLEY STRONG MAKES AN EMERGENCY VISIT TO HIS PSYCHIATRIST, TRYING TO STILL THE PANIC THAT SHAKES HIS TROUBLED BEING...
I SAW THE SPACE GREMLINS SABOTAGE THE GYRO! WHY DIDN'T THEY BELIEVE ME? WHY DON'T THEY SEE THEM?


PROFESSOR STRONG, I HAVE A POSSIBLE SUGGESTION TO MAKE THAT MIGHT ANSWER YOUR QUESTION! DOESN'T IT STRIKE YOU AS PECULIAR THAT ONLY YOU SEE THESE ALIEN CREATURES?
OF COURSE! BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN THEY DON'T EXIST! I DO SEE THEM!


AS HEAD OF THE PROJECT, YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY AND ALL FAILURES! AREN'T THESE SPACE GREMLINS A BUILT-IN EXCUSE FOR FAILURE?
Y-YOU MEAN IF I SAY I SEE THEM SABOTAGING SOMETHING AND THERE IS A FAILURE, THEN I'M COVERED?

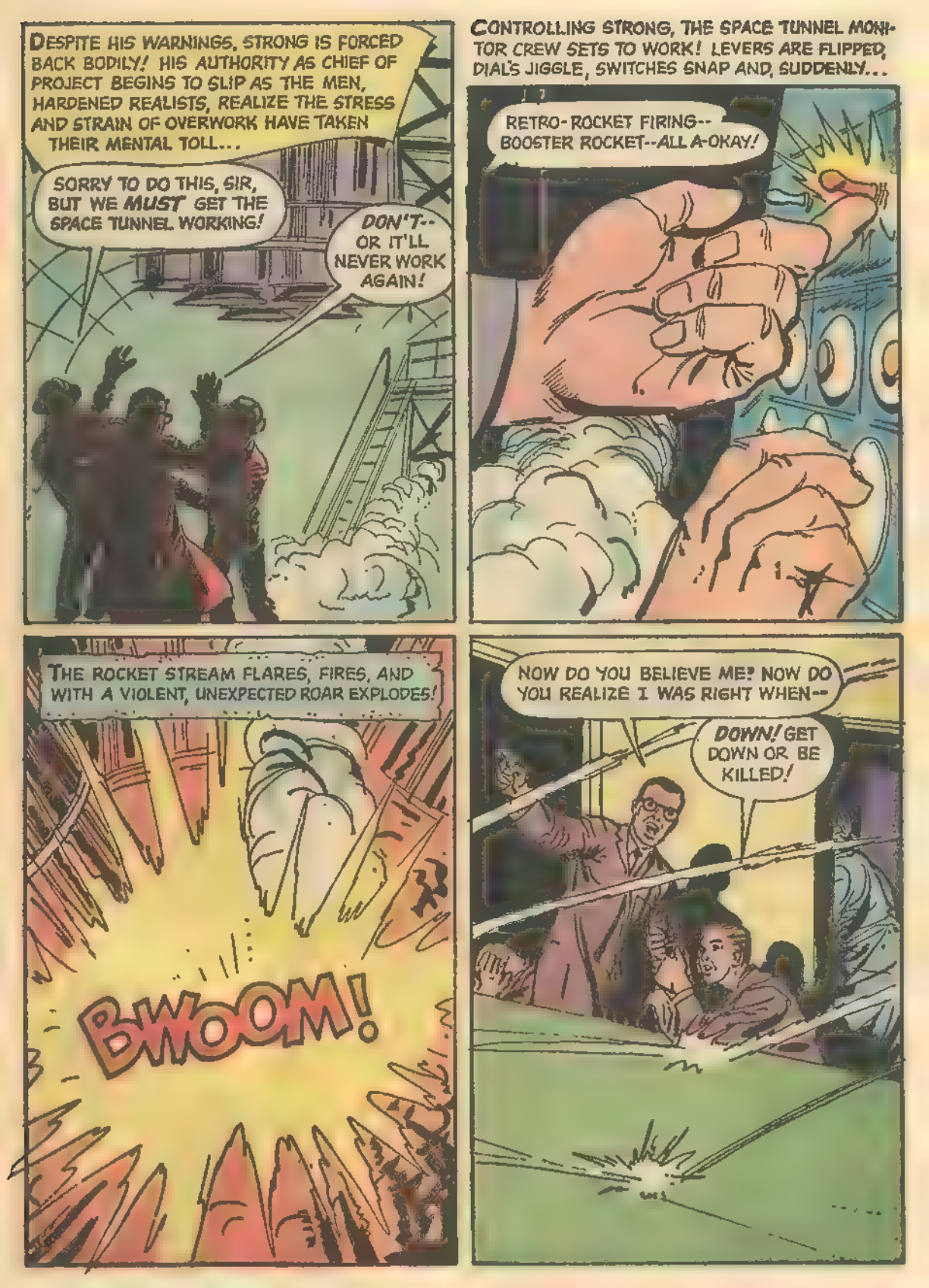

EXACTLY! YOUR FANTASY IS PROJECTING THOSE NON-EXISTENT CREATURES SO IF THERE IS A FAILURE, THEY-- AND NOT YOU--ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR IT!
YES-- THAT MAKES SENSE! THE PRESSURE IS TERRIBLE, ALMOST OVERWHELMING ME! WELL, LET'S SEE WHAT KNOWING THAT DOES!

FOR TWO DAYS, A CONFIDENT, RELAXED PROFESSOR STRONG WORKS BUSILY TO MAKE UP FOR TIME LOST THROUGH THE RECENT RASH OF ACCIDENTS...



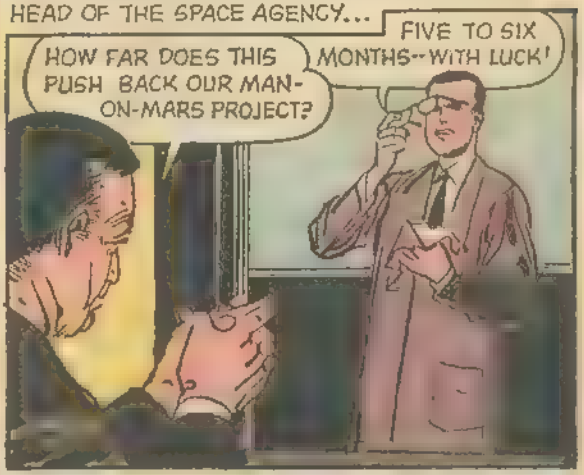
INTO THE HUGE SIMULATED SPACE TUNNEL HE STRIDES! FRIENDLY NODS WELCOME HIM AS THE DIN OF LAST MINUTE PRE-TEST PREPARATION GOES ON! THEN, SUDDENLY, STANLEY STRONG'S SMILE CHANGES...

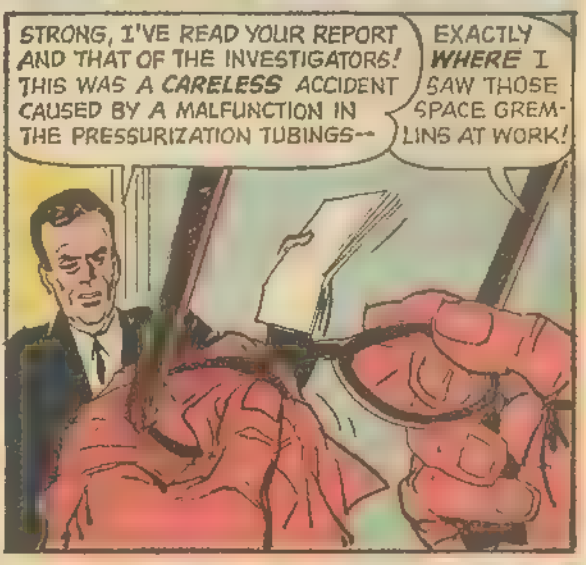
ONCE MORE, THE FEARFUL VISION SWARMS INTO SIGHT! ONCE MORE, PROFESSOR STRONG POINTS WITH A POSITIVE FINGER TO A SIGHT UNSEEN BY ANYONE ELSE! YET THEY ARE REAL... REAL BY HIS STRICT, OBJECTIVE, SCIENTIFIC STANDARDS! IT IS AS IF STANLEY STRONG EXISTED IN AN ALIEN DIMENSION AND SAW THERE THE FRIGHTFUL, SABOTAGING SPACE GREMLINS WHO ARE, FANTASTICALLY,...
HOW CAN YOU TURN YOUR BACKS ON THEM?
BEYOND HUMAN RANGE!
PROFESSOR STRONG, WE'RE ABOUT TO START THE TESTS! PLEASE MOVE BACK!
THE OUTER LIMITS
NO! STOP THE COUNTDOWN! DELAY THE TEST! DELAY IT OR THEY WILL RUIN IT!
SIR, THERE'S NO ONE HERE BUT US!
WITH A DESPERATE BID TO SAVE THE TEST, STRONG SURGES FORWARD, BUT HALTING HANDS GRIP HIM...
THERE! THERE BY THE TUBING!
NO ONE'S BY THE TUBING! IT WAS ALL CHECKED OUT! NOW LET'S GET THE SPACE TUNNEL EXPERIMENT STARTED!

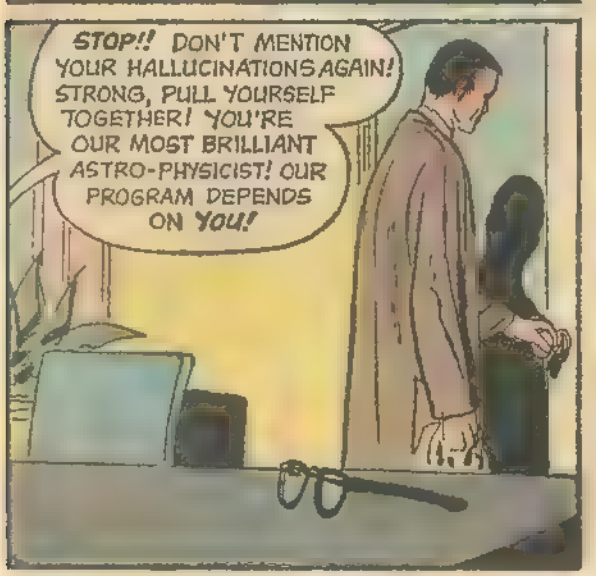

DESPITE HIS WARNINGS, STRONG IS FORCED BACK BODILY! HIS AUTHORITY AS CHIEF OF PROJECT BEGINS TO SLIP AS THE MEN, HARDENED REALISTS, REALIZE THE STRESS AND STRAIN OF OVERWORK HAVE TAKEN THEIR MENTAL TOLL...
SORRY TO DO THIS, SIR, BUT WE MUST GET THE SPACE TUNNEL WORKING!
DON'T-- OR IT'LL NEVER WORK AGAIN!
CONTROLLING STRONG, THE SPACE TUNNEL MONITOR CREW SETS TO WORK! LEVERS ARE FLIPPED, DIAL'S JIGGLE, SWITCHES SNAP AND, SUDDENLY...
RETRO-ROCKET FIRING-- BOOSTER ROCKET--ALL A-OKAY!
THE ROCKET STREAM FLARES, FIRES, AND WITH A VIOLENT, UNEXPECTED ROAR EXPLODES!
BWOOM!
NOW DO YOU BELIEVE ME? NOW DO YOU REALIZE I WAS RIGHT WHEN--
DOWN! GET DOWN OR BE KILLED!

MOMENTS LATER, THE BELLOWING ECHO OF THE ACCIDENT DIES! THE SHAKEN MEN SURVEY THE SMOLDERING RUINS...
MILLIONS! MILLIONS IN DUST AND DEBRIS!
AND ONCE AGAIN--ANOTHER DELAY!

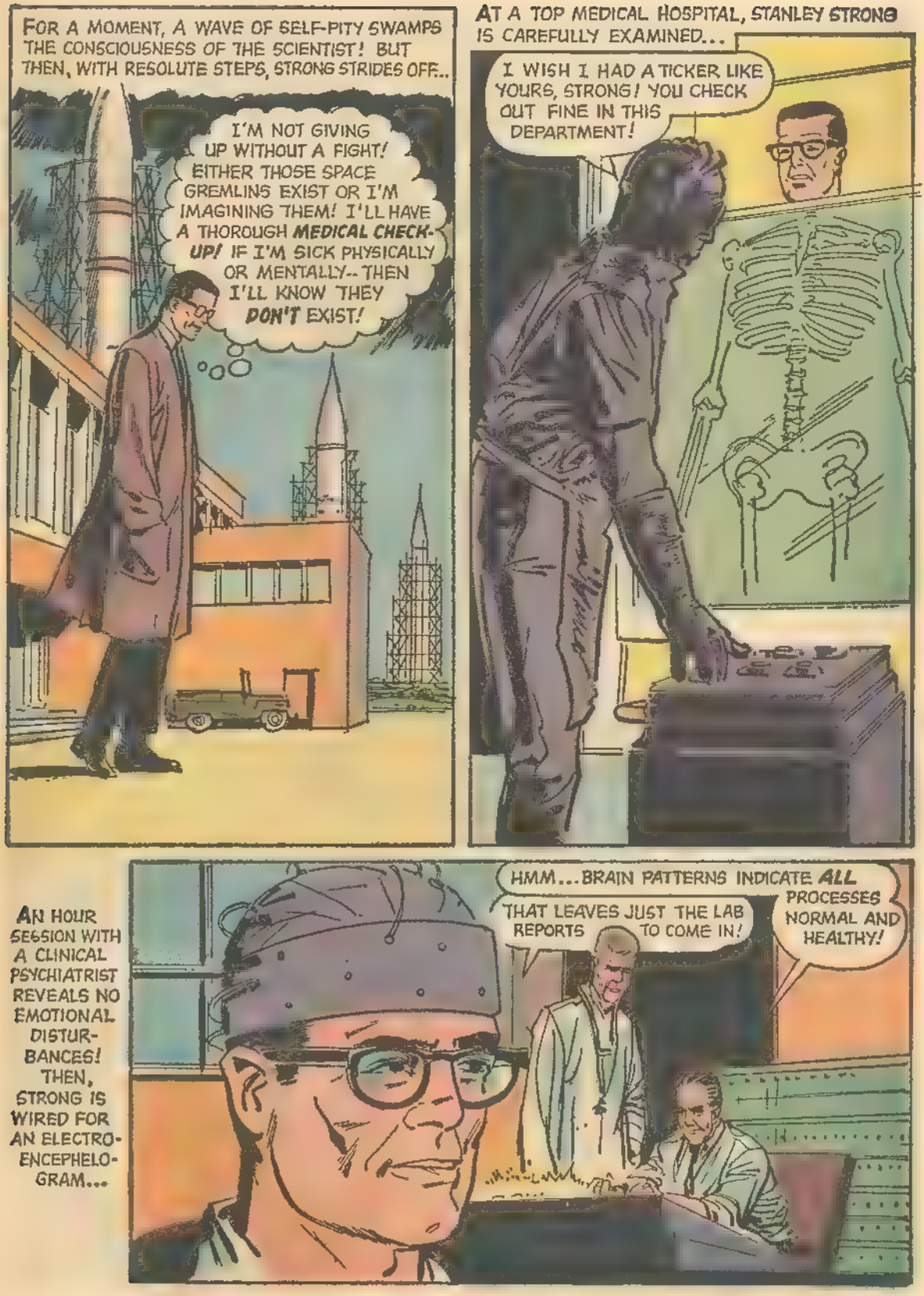
THE REPORT FILED, PROFESSOR STRONG IS URGENTLY SUMMONED TO CONFER WITH THE HEAD OF THE SPACE AGENCY...



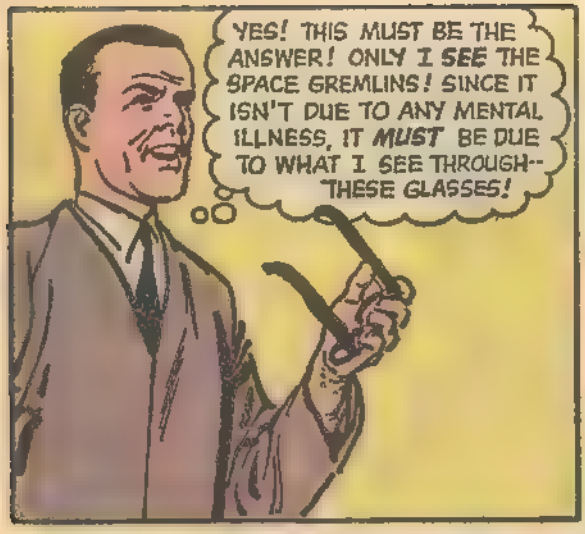

STRONG, I'VE READ YOUR REPORT AND THAT OF THE INVESTIGATORS! THIS WAS A CARELESS ACCIDENT CAUSED BY A MALFUNCTION IN THE PRESSURIZATION TUBINGS--
EXACTLY WHERE I SAW THOSE SPACE GREMLINS AT WORK!


STOP!! DON'T MENTION YOUR HALLUCINATIONS AGAIN! STRONG, PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER! YOU'RE OUR MOST BRILLIANT ASTRO-PHYSICIST! OUR PROGRAM DEPENDS ON YOU!

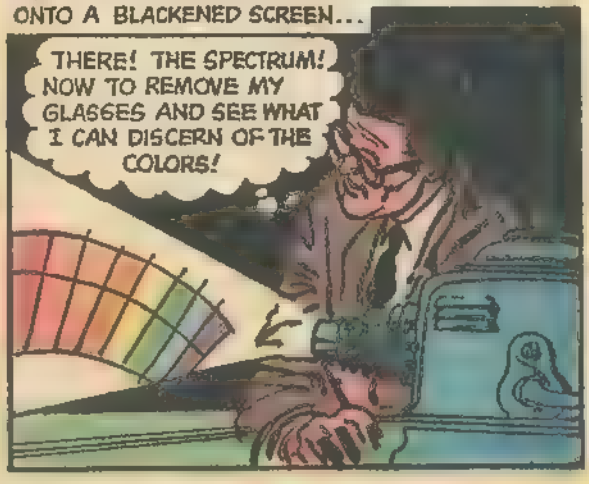
WITH A RESIGNED NOD, STRONG SHUFFLES FROM THE OFFICE, REALIZING THE IMPOSSIBLE ODDS THAT FACE HIM! THEN, A MOMENT LATER, RETURNING FOR HIS GLASSES...


FOR A MOMENT, A WAVE OF SELF-PITY SWAMPS THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF THE SCIENTIST! BUT THEN, WITH RESOLUTE STEPS, STRONG STRIDES OFF...
I'M NOT GIVING UP WITHOUT A FIGHT! EITHER THOSE SPACE GREMLINS EXIST OR I'M IMAGINING THEM! I'LL HAVE A THOROUGH MEDICAL CHECK-UP! IF I'M SICK PHYSICALLY OR MENTALLY--THEN I'LL KNOW THEY DON'T EXIST!
AT A TOP MEDICAL HOSPITAL, STANLEY STRONG IS CAREFULLY EXAMINED...
I WISH I HAD A TICKER LIKE YOURS, STRONG! YOU CHECK OUT FINE IN THIS DEPARTMENT!
AN HOUR SESSION WITH A CLINICAL PSYCHIATRIST REVEALS NO EMOTIONAL DISTURBANCES! THEN, STRONG IS WIRED FOR AN ELECTRO-ENCEPHELOGRAM...
HMM...BRAIN PATTERNS INDICATE ALL PROCESSES NORMAL AND HEALTHY!
THAT LEAVES JUST THE LAB REPORTS TO COME IN!

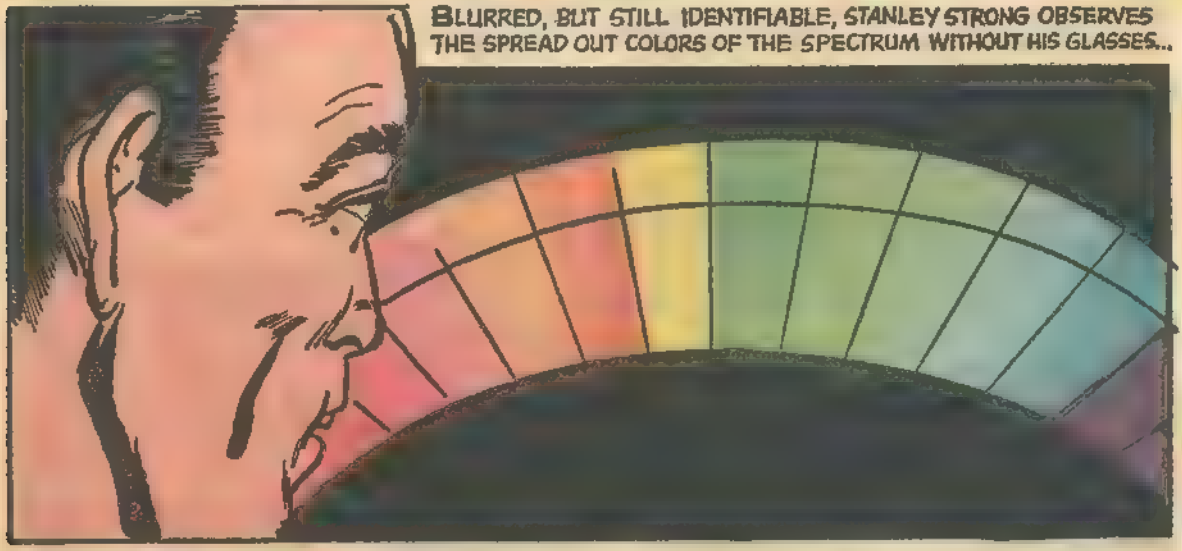
DESPITE PERSONAL INVOLVEMENT, STRONG WATCHES WITH SCIENTIFIC DETACHMENT AS LAB TECHNICIANS COMPLETE HIS TEST SERIES...
PROFESSOR, EVERY TEST INDICATES THE SAME THING--YOU'RE IN GOOD ENOUGH SHAPE TO FLY TO MARS YOURSELF!
THANKS!
STRONG, I ADMIRE YOUR INITIATIVE... I WAS INFORMED OF THE RESULTS! BY NOW, YOU KNOW YOU'RE IN FINE HEALTH--FINE ENOUGH NOT TO CONTINUE LETTING YOUR IMAGINARY "SPACE GREMLINS" DELAY OUR PROGRAM!
TRUE, I'VE BEEN RULED OUT AS THE SOURCE OF THE SPACE GREMLINS... MY MIND ISN'T PLAYING TRICKS ON ME! BUT DON'T YOU SEE--THIS PROVES THEY REALLY EXIST!
LOOK, STRONG--ANY MORE OF THIS NONSENSICAL TALK WILL FORCE ME TO REPLACE YOU!
THEY'RE REAL! I'M NOT SICK AND CAN'T BLAME THAT FOR WHAT I SEE! YET ONLY I SEE THEM! THEN WHAT COULD MAKE A HEALTHY PERSON SEE SOMETHING NO ONE ELSE--OF COURSE! MY GLASSES!!


YES! THIS MUST BE THE ANSWER! ONLY I SEE THE SPACE GREMLINS! SINCE IT ISN'T DUE TO ANY MENTAL ILLNESS, IT MUST BE DUE TO WHAT I SEE THROUGH-- THESE GLASSES!

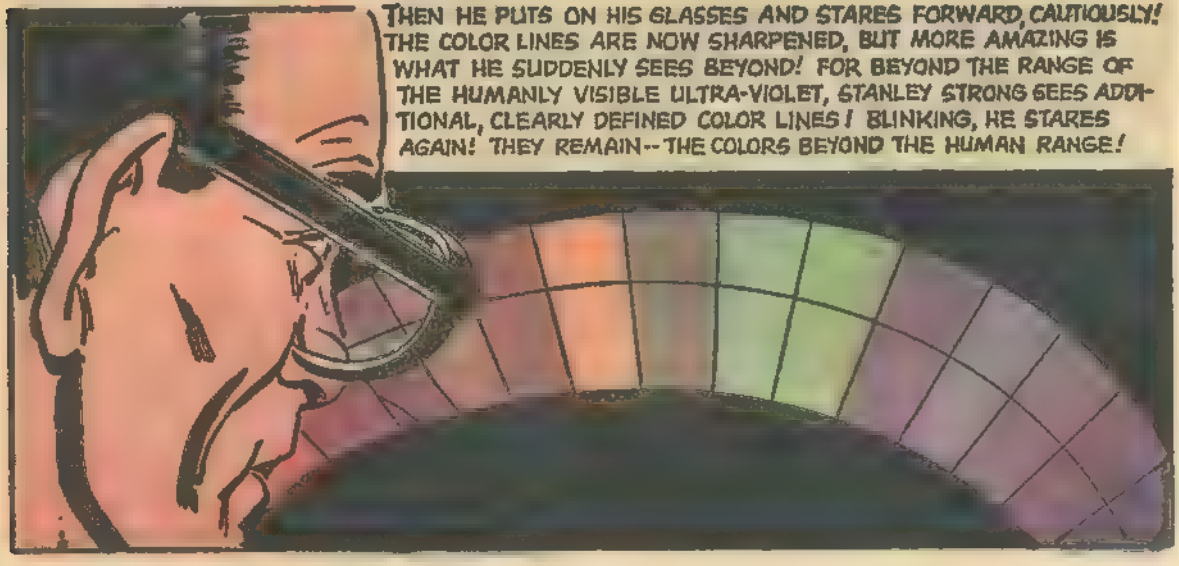
WITH A SENSE OF DISCOVERY, STRONG RACES TO HIS LAB! CAREFULLY HE PROJECTS A SPECTRUM ONTO A BLACKENED SCREEN...

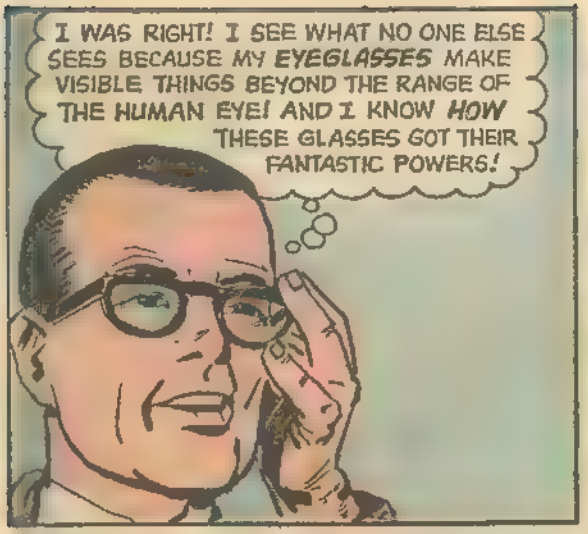


BLURRED, BUT STILL IDENTIFIABLE, STANLEY STRONG OBSERVES THE SPREAD OUT COLORS OF THE SPECTRUM WITHOUT HIS GLASSES...

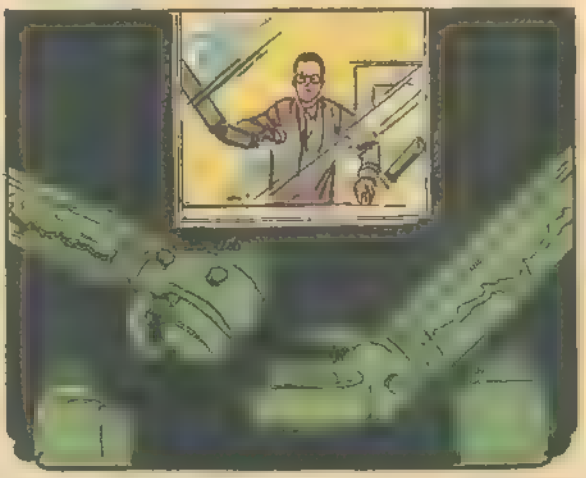


THEN HE PUTS ON HIS GLASSES AND STARES FORWARD, CAUTIOUSLY! THE COLOR LINES ARE NOW SHARPENED, BUT MORE AMAZING IS WHAT HE SUDDENLY SEES BEYOND! FOR BEYOND THE RANGE OF THE HUMANLY VISIBLE ULTRA-VIOLET, STANLEY STRONG SEES ADDITIONAL, CLEARLY DEFINED COLOR LINES! BLINKING, HE STARES AGAIN! THEY REMAIN--THE COLORS BEYOND THE HUMAN RANGE!

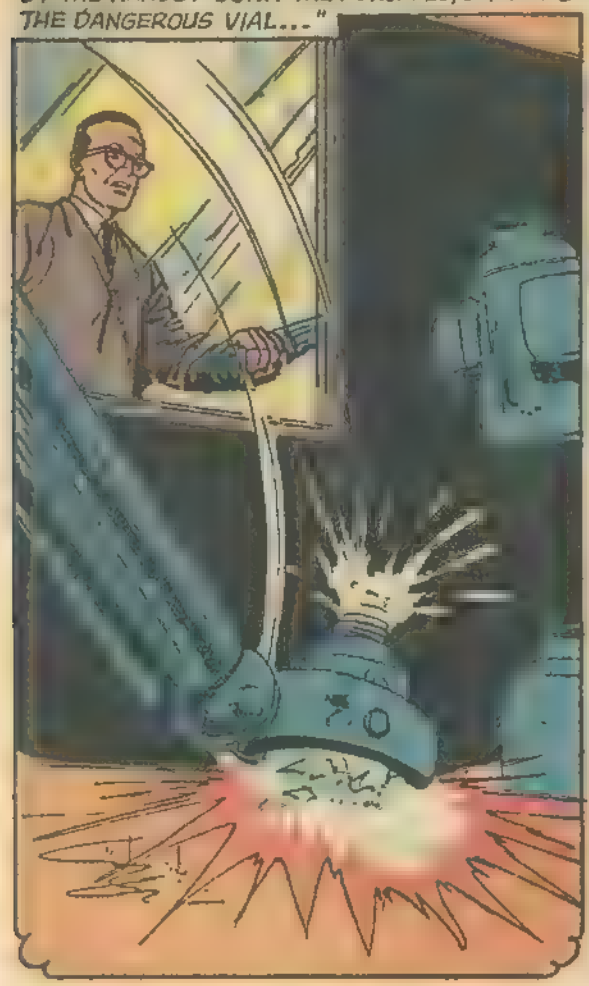



I WAS RIGHT! I SEE WHAT NO ONE ELSE SEES BECAUSE MY EYEGLASSES MAKE VISIBLE THINGS BEYOND THE RANGE OF THE HUMAN EYE! AND I KNOW HOW THESE GLASSES GOT THEIR FANTASTIC POWERS!

"YES, IT WAS JUST TWO MONTHS AGO! I WAS TESTING OUR NEW NUCLEAR SPACE FUEL..."



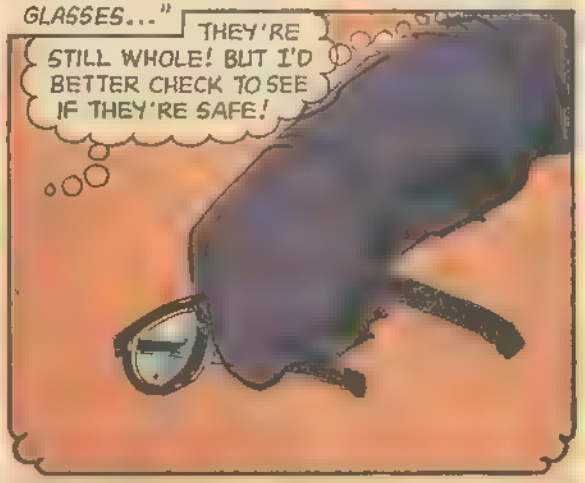
"I WAS WORKING THE SLAVE HANDS TO CARRY A HIGHLY RADIOACTIVE ISOTOPE TOWARD THE REACTOR WHEN, SUDDENLY, MY FINGER SLIPPED! THE SLIGHT MOVEMENT WAS GREATLY MAGNIFIED BY THE HANDS! DOWN THEY DROPPED, SMASHING THE DANGEROUS VIAL..."



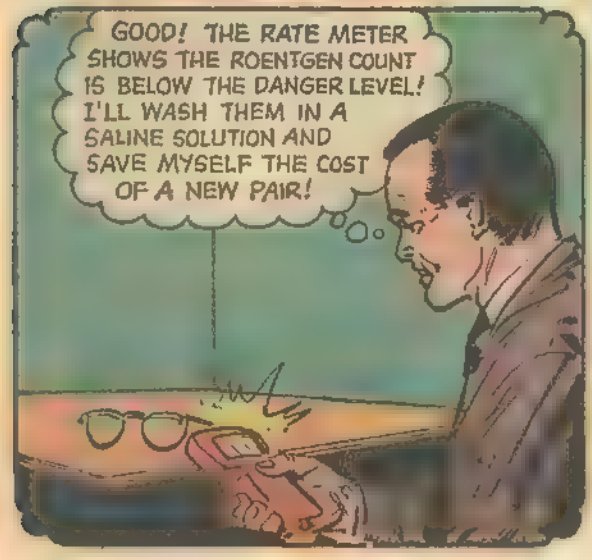
"IN AN INSTANT, THE RADIATION ALARM WENT OFF! DESPERATELY, I TRIED TO MANEUVER THE SLAVE HANDS TO COVER UP THE BROKEN VIAL WITH A LEAD RADIATION SHIELD, BUT, WISELY, MY ASSISTANT YANKED ME AWAY..."

"WE RACED FROM THE LAB, SEALING THE LEAD-CADMIUM DOOR BEHIND US! A SECOND LATER, THERE WAS A BLINDING RADIATION FLASH THAT SHATTERED THE WINDOW AND THE EQUIPMENT WITH TWISTING FORCE..."

"TWO HOURS LATER, WHEN THE RESIDUAL RADIATION COUNT WAS SAFE, WE RE-ENTERED THE LAB! I GROPPED NEARSIGHTEDLY FOR MY GLASSES..."



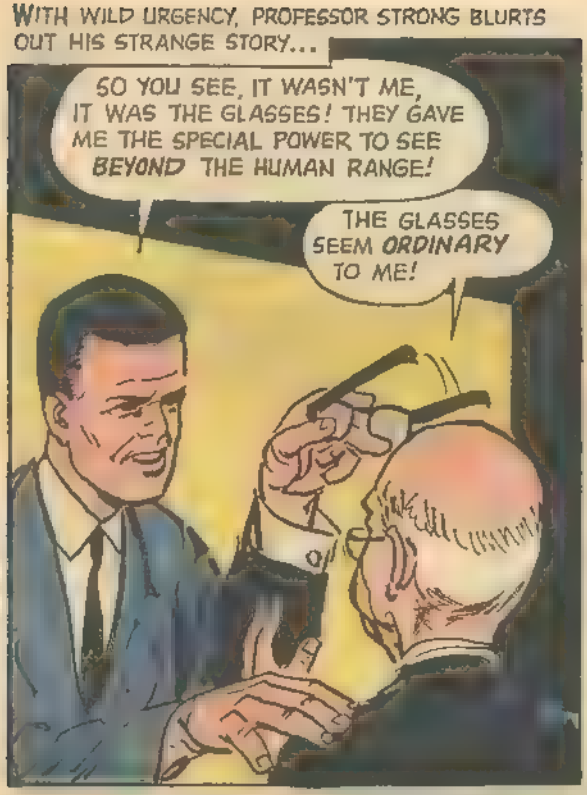
"IT STARTED NOT TWO DAYS LATER! THEY HAD JUST COMPLETED SETTING UP THE GANTRY FOR OUR FIRST TRIAL MARS MISSILE LAUNCHING, WHEN I SAW 'THEM'! WEIRD, ALIEN, BUT HUMAN-LIKE CREATURES HUDDLING MALICIOUSLY ABOUT THE GANTRY BASE..."

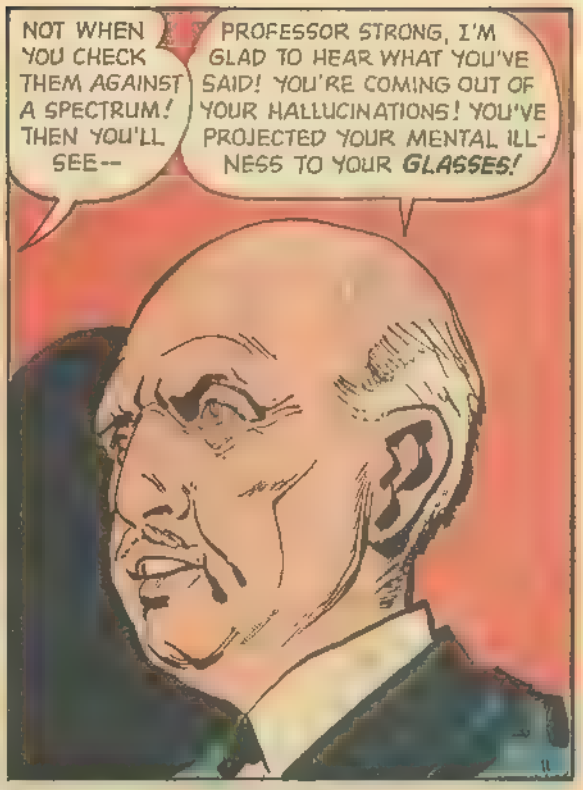

GOOD! THE RATE METER SHOWS THE ROENTGEN COUNT IS BELOW THE DANGER LEVEL! I'LL WASH THEM IN A SALINE SOLUTION AND SAVE MYSELF THE COST OF A NEW PAIR!

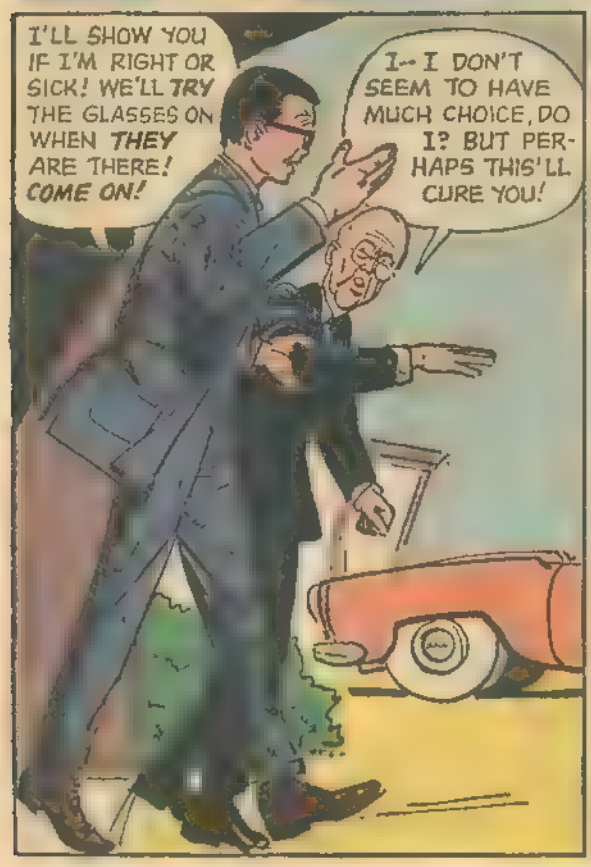
ARE YOU BLIND? COME WITH ME! I'LL SHOW YOU WHO I MEAN! YOU MUST SEE--
LET GO! I DON'T SEE ANYONE! AND IT'S QUITTING TIME NOW ANYWAY!
"IN VAIN I POINTED AND PLEADED! THEY SAW NO ONE! THEY LISTENED TO ME, BUT DIDN'T BELIEVE..."
YOU KNOW, SOMETIMES I SEE THINGS, TOO--WHEN I'M OVERTIRED!
BUT I'M NOT OVERTIRED AND I'M NOT SEEING THINGS! THEY'RE THERE!
"SUDDENLY, THERE WAS A MENACING RUMBLE BEHIND US! THE TOWERING GANTRY BEGAN TO SWAY AND QUIVER! WITH A TREMBLING TWIST IT TOPPLED OVER..."
USA
J-JUST THINK--FIVE MINUTES SOONER AND WE'D HAVE BEEN UNDER IT!
I WARNED YOU! NO ONE WOULD LISTEN! I TOLD YOU THEY WERE UP TO SOMETHING! NOW, DO YOU BELIEVE ME?

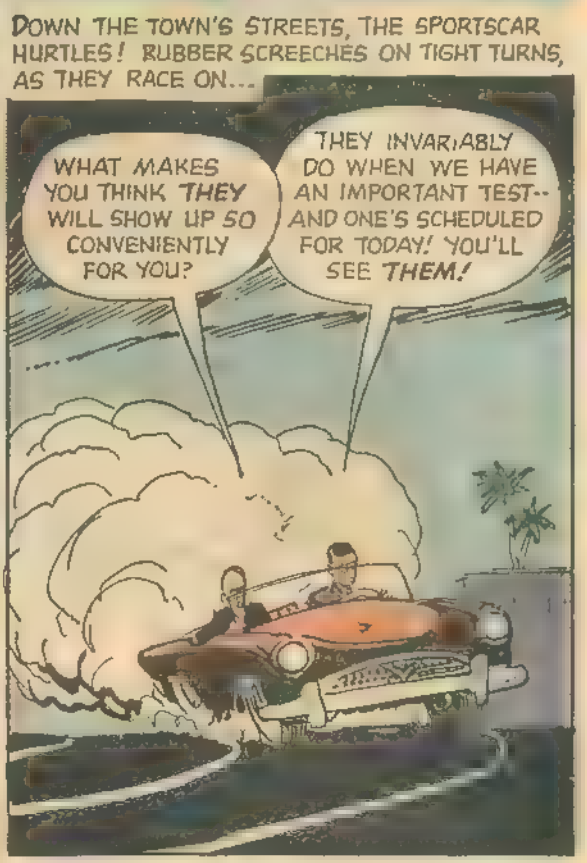
YES, IT ALL BEGAN AFTER THE GLASSES WERE IRRADIATED! I DIDN'T SEE THE SPACE GREMLINS TILL THEN!
BUT PEOPLE SAY I'M IMAGINING THE SPACE GREMLINS! MAYBE I'M IMAGINING THAT MY EYEGLASSES GIVE ME THE POWER TO SEE BEYOND HUMAN RANGE! THERE IS A WAY TO CHECK--
OPTOMETRIST
SKILLFULLY, THE OPTOMETRIST EXAMINES THE NORMAL LOOKING PAIR OF EYEGLASSES...
YOUR LEFT EYE IS WEAKER! SLIGHT ASTIGMATISM! THE LENS ARE IN PERFECT CONDITION--NO SCRATCHES OR CAUSE FOR DISTORTION!
WOULD YOU CHECK THEM FOR COLOR CORRECTION?
E
B
P
S
T
WITH AN INDULGENT SMILE, THE OPTOMETRIST FLASHES ON A SPECTRUM! AS HE PEERS THROUGH THE GLASSES...
A-AM I SEEING THINGS?
THAT WAS MY REACTION, TOO!
NO, IT'S TRUE! I CAN SEE BEYOND THE NORMAL HUMAN RANGE AT THE ULTRA-VIOLET END OF THE SPECTRUM!
THEN, IF SOME BEINGS EXISTED IN THAT RANGE BEYOND HUMAN VISION, WOULD THOSE GLASSES LET YOU SEE HIM?

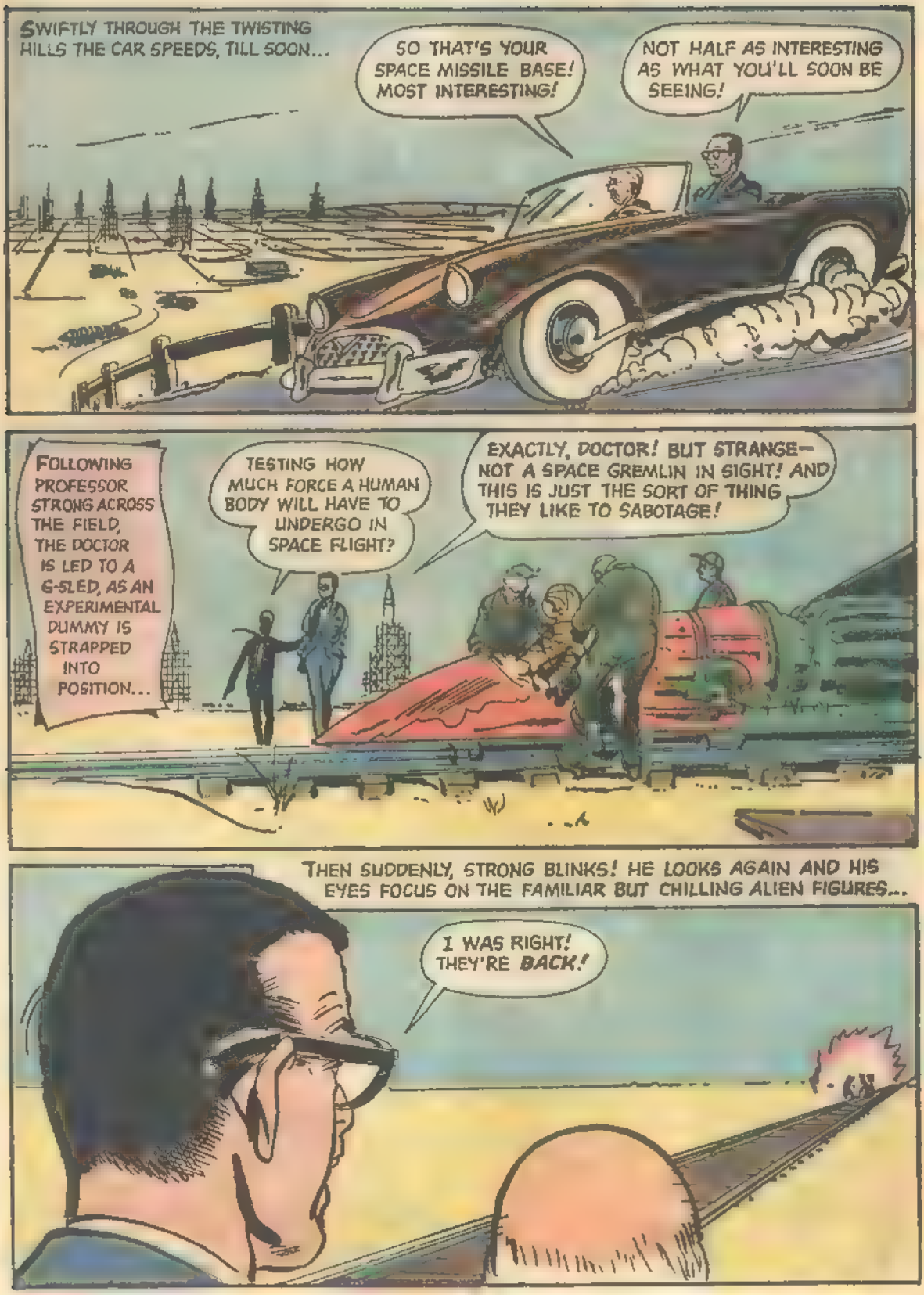
YES... BUT, OF COURSE, SUCH CREATURES DON'T EXIST, SO--
YOU'VE TOLD ME WHAT I WANTED TO KNOW!... NOW TO PROVE I'M SANE!
STANLEY STRONG RUSHES OVER TO HIS PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE AND HEADS FOR THE CONSULTATION ROOM...
STOP!! HE'S SEEING SOMEONE IN THERE--
HE MUST SEE ME NOW!
D-DOCTOR--
SIR, YOU CAN'T BURST IN LIKE THIS!
IT'S THE GLASSES! THEY'RE DIFFERENT! THEY WERE IRRADIATED!! NOW I CAN SEE BEYOND THE RANGE OF HUMAN VISION --WHERE THEY CAN BE SEEN!
EXCUSE ME, DOCTOR, BUT RIGHT NOW, I THINK HE NEEDS YOU MORE THAN I DO!

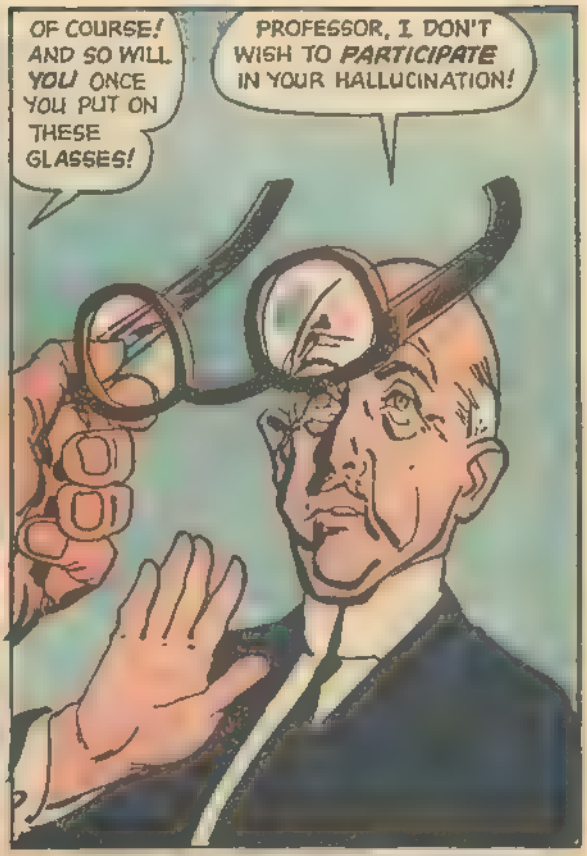

WITH WILD URGENCY, PROFESSOR STRONG BLURTS OUT HIS STRANGE STORY...
SO YOU SEE, IT WASN'T ME, IT WAS THE GLASSES! THEY GAVE ME THE SPECIAL POWER TO SEE BEYOND THE HUMAN RANGE!
THE GLASSES SEEM ORDINARY TO ME!


NOT WHEN YOU CHECK THEM AGAINST A SPECTRUM! THEN YOU'LL SEE--
PROFESSOR STRONG, I'M GLAD TO HEAR WHAT YOU'VE SAID! YOU'RE COMING OUT OF YOUR HALLUCINATIONS! YOU'VE PROJECTED YOUR MENTAL ILLNESS TO YOUR GLASSES!


I'LL SHOW YOU IF I'M RIGHT OR SICK! WE'LL TRY THE GLASSES ON WHEN THEY ARE THERE! COME ON!
I--I DON'T SEEM TO HAVE MUCH CHOICE, DO I? BUT PERHAPS THIS'LL CURE YOU!


DOWN THE TOWN'S STREETS, THE SPORTSCAR HURTLES! RUBBER SCREECHES ON TIGHT TURNS, AS THEY RACE ON...
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THEY WILL SHOW UP SO CONVENIENTLY FOR YOU?
THEY INVARIABLY DO WHEN WE HAVE AN IMPORTANT TEST--AND ONE'S SCHEDULED FOR TODAY! YOU'LL SEE THEM!


SWIFTLY THROUGH THE TWISTING HILLS THE CAR SPEEDS, TILL SOON...
SO THAT'S YOUR SPACE MISSILE BASE! MOST INTERESTING!
NOT HALF AS INTERESTING AS WHAT YOU'LL SOON BE SEEING!
FOLLOWING PROFESSOR STRONG ACROSS THE FIELD, THE DOCTOR IS LED TO A G-SLED, AS AN EXPERIMENTAL DUMMY IS STRAPPED INTO POSITION...
TESTING HOW MUCH FORCE A HUMAN BODY WILL HAVE TO UNDERGO IN SPACE FLIGHT?
EXACTLY, DOCTOR! BUT STRANGE— NOT A SPACE GREMLIN IN SIGHT! AND THIS IS JUST THE SORT OF THING THEY LIKE TO SABOTAGE!
THEN SUDDENLY, STRONG BLINKS! HE LOOKS AGAIN AND HIS EYES FOCUS ON THE FAMILIAR BUT CHILLING ALIEN FIGURES...
I WAS RIGHT! THEY'RE BACK!

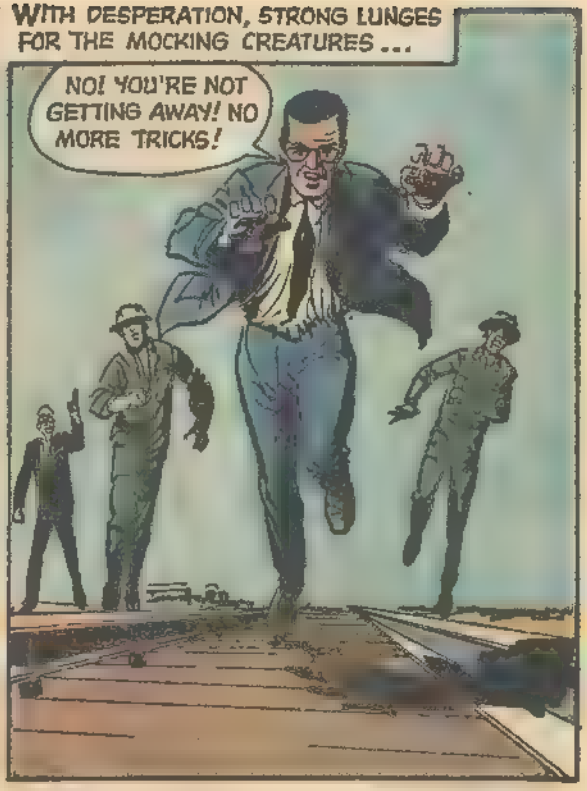


BUT WITH GRIM DETERMINATION, PROFESSOR STRONG SHOVES HIS GLASSES ONTO THE PROTESTING PSYCHIATRIST...

WHEN A MAN IS TOLD HIS SENSES LIE, HIS FIRST INSTINCT IS HOLD TO HIS BELIEF AND DOUBT THE WORD OF OTHERS! WHEN A SCIENTIST HAS MADE A CAREFUL CONCLUSION, HE CANNOT BETRAY HIS THEORY NO MATTER HOW STRONGLY OTHERS PROTEST THAT WHAT HE SEES IS NOT SO! STANLEY STRONG IS SUCH A MAN, CAUGHT IN THE CONTRADICTIONS OF REALITY, FIGHTING TO REMAIN SANE AND YET TRUE TO HIS OWN SENSES. WONDERING IF THERE WILL BE AN.. END TO THE NIGHTMARE
I'M GOING TO TOUCH THEM! GRAB THEM! MAYBE THEN, YOU'LL BELIEVE ME!
STOP THEM! STOP HIM BEFORE HE ENDANGERS HIMSELF!
THE OUTER LIMITS
SORRY! DOCTOR'S ORDERS!
ALL RIGHT! I WON'T STRUGGLE! BUT YOU'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENS! THEY SABOTAGED THE SLED! YOU'LL BELIEVE ME WHEN IT'S TOO LATE!

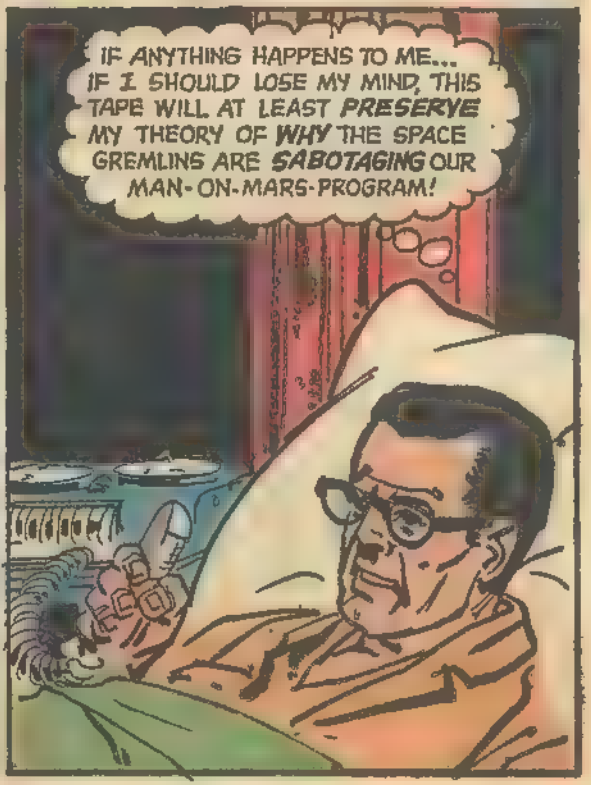
DESPITE HIS PLEAS AND DIRE PROPHECY, THE SLED CONTROLS ARE FLICKED ON! IN AN INSTANT, THE SLED STARTS ITS SWIFT RUN...
FOOLS!
SEE, PROFESSOR, NOTHING HAS HAPPENED!
MAYBE NOT YET! WAIT! YOU'LL SEE! THEY WERE TINKERING WITH THE RUN! THEY'LL DESTROY IT! WATCH!
BUT THE SLED SPEEDS ON, FINALLY HITTING THE WATER BRAKES WITH A SPURTING, BUT HARMLESS SPLASH...
WELL?
ALL RIGHT-- BUT THIS DOESN'T MEAN THEY WEREN'T THERE!

WITH DESPERATION, STRONG LUNGES FOR THE MOCKING CREATURES ...

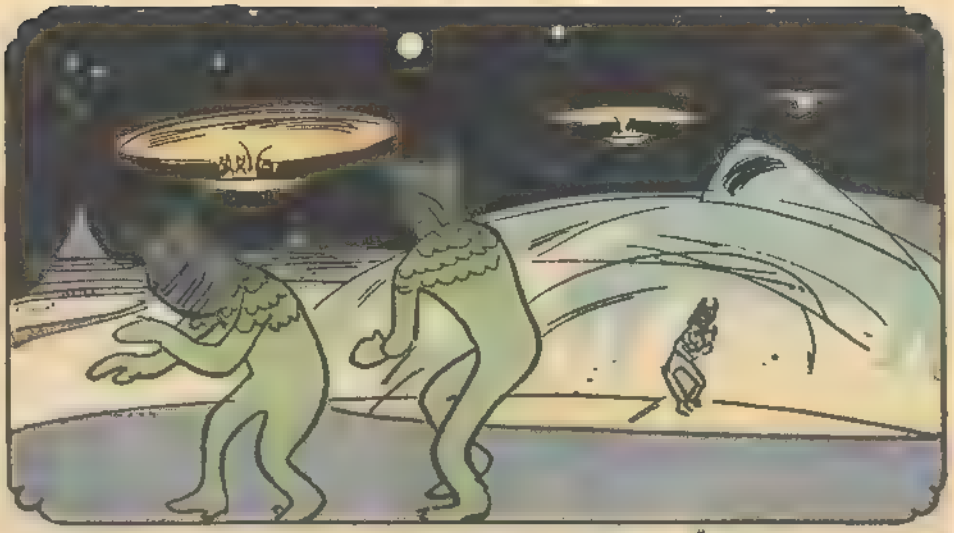


BUT AT THE PSYCHIATRIST'S COMMAND, STRONG IS STOPPED ONCE MORE...

WAKING UP IN A HOSPITAL, STRONG RESIGNS HIMSELF TO AN ENFORCED REST! BUT A DAY LATER, HIS ACTIVE MIND IS BUSY AT WORK...

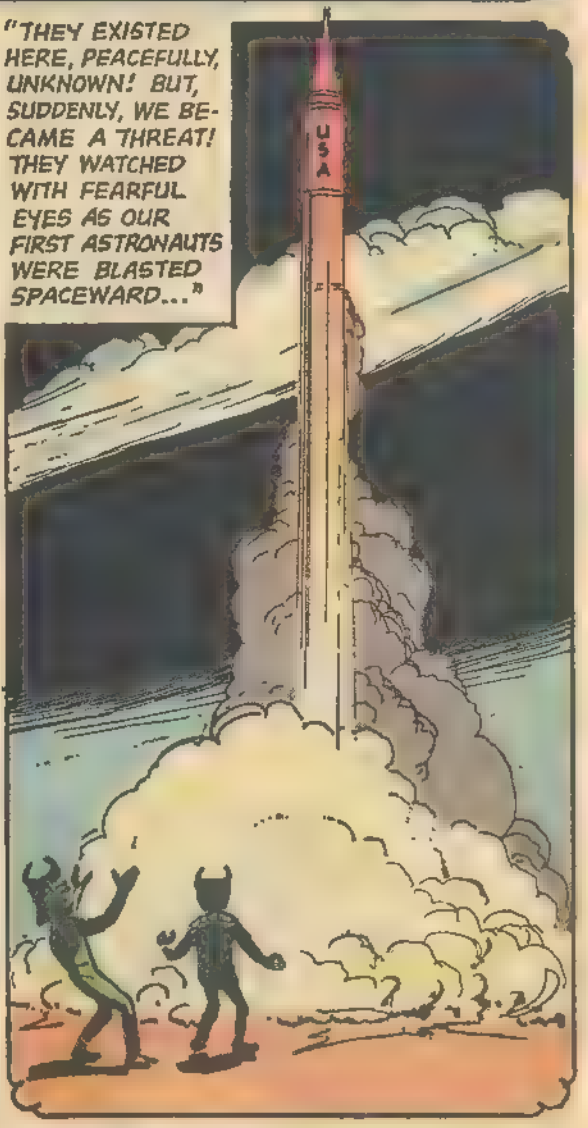

IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO ME... IF I SHOULD LOSE MY MIND, THIS TAPE WILL AT LEAST PRESERVE MY THEORY OF WHY THE SPACE GREMLINS ARE SABOTAGING OUR MAN-ON-MARS-PROGRAM!

"JUST AS THEY ARE INVISIBLE TO THE HUMAN EYE, WHAT IF THEY CAME FROM A PLANET THAT IS NOT VISIBLE TO OUR ASTRONOMERS? SUPPOSE THEY LIVED THERE--UNSEEN, UNKNOWN--IN A MORE ADVANCED TECHNICAL CIVILIZATION..."



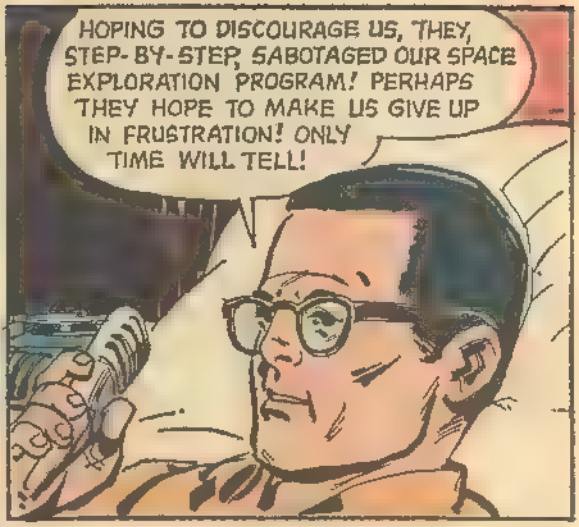
"THEN, SEVERAL HUNDRED YEARS AGO, THEY COULD HAVE COME TO EARTH! EXPLORING AT FIRST, THEY DISCOVERED THAT, TO US, THEY WERE INVISIBLE! HOW EASY IT WAS FOR THEM TO SET UP A COLONY SIDE BY SIDE WITH OUR MORE PRIMITIVE WORLD..."

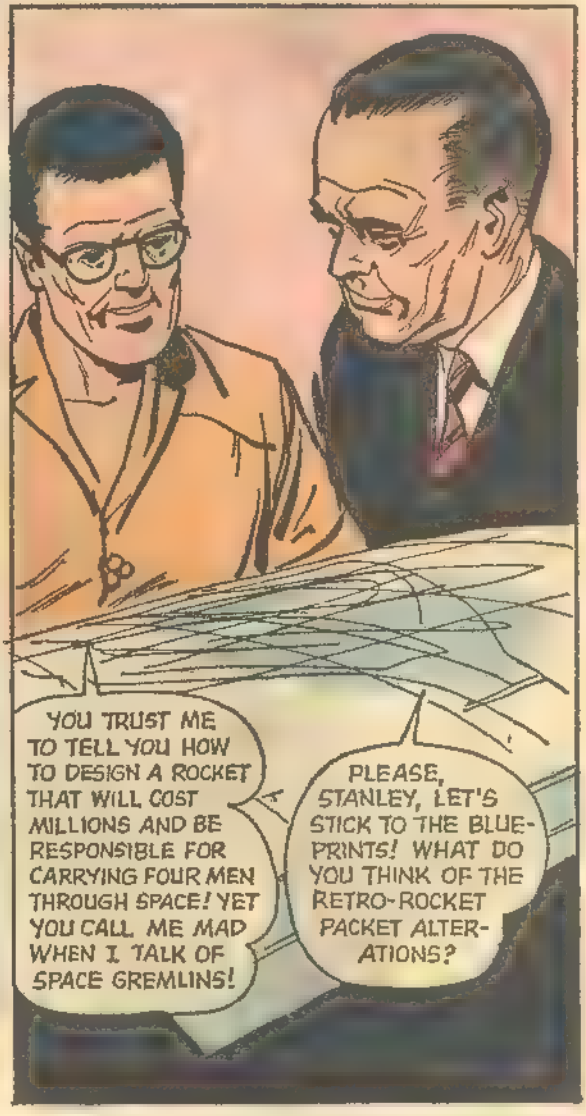
"THEY EXISTED HERE, PEACEFULLY, UNKNOWN! BUT, SUDDENLY, WE BECAME A THREAT! THEY WATCHED WITH FEARFUL EYES AS OUR FIRST ASTRONAUTS WERE BLASTED SPACEWARD..."



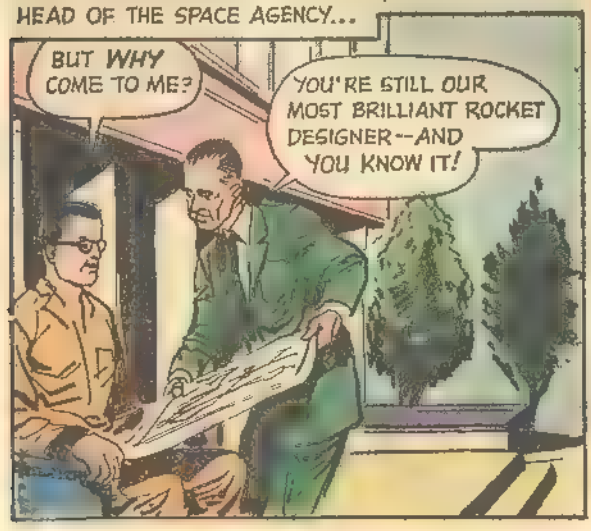
"NOW WE WERE A THREAT TO THEIR PLANET! IN TIME, WE COULD DEVELOP MEANS OF REVEALING THEM AND THEIR PLANET AND, WITH OUR SPACE PROGRAM, EVEN LAND ON THEIR HOME WORLD! AFTER CENTURIES OF PEACEFUL CO-EXISTENCE, THEY FINALLY SHOWED THEIR HAND..."

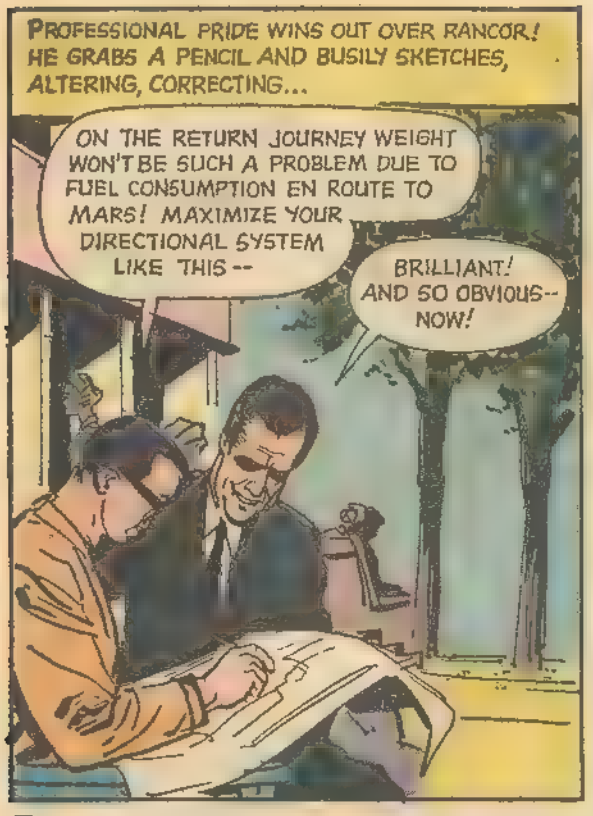
HOPING TO DISCOURAGE US, THEY, STEP-BY-STEP, SABOTAGED OUR SPACE EXPLORATION PROGRAM! PERHAPS THEY HOPE TO MAKE US GIVE UP IN FRUSTRATION! ONLY TIME WILL TELL!



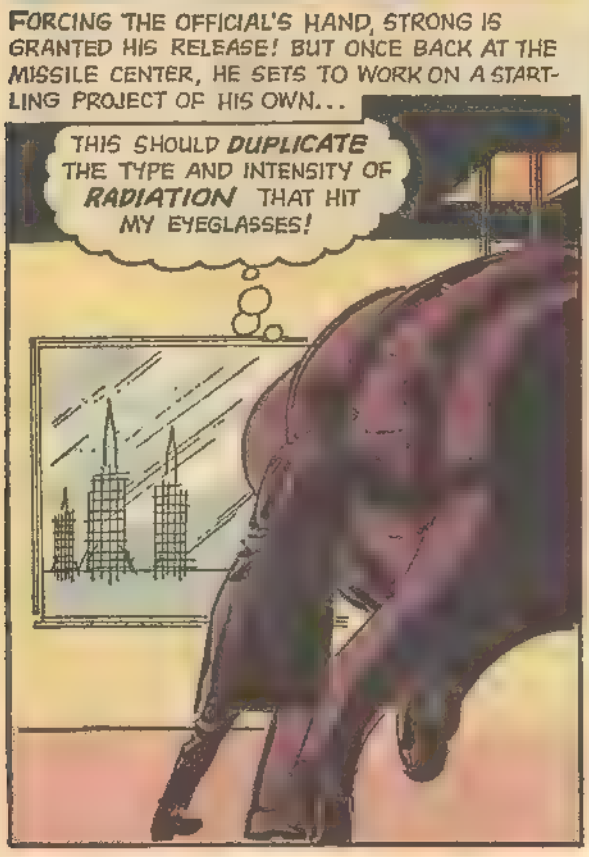

YOU TRUST ME TO TELL YOU HOW TO DESIGN A ROCKET THAT WILL COST MILLIONS AND BE RESPONSIBLE FOR CARRYING FOUR MEN THROUGH SPACE! YET YOU CALL ME MAD WHEN I TALK OF SPACE GREMLINS!
PLEASE, STANLEY, LET'S STICK TO THE BLUE-PRINTS! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE RETRO-ROCKET PACKET ALTER-ATIONS?

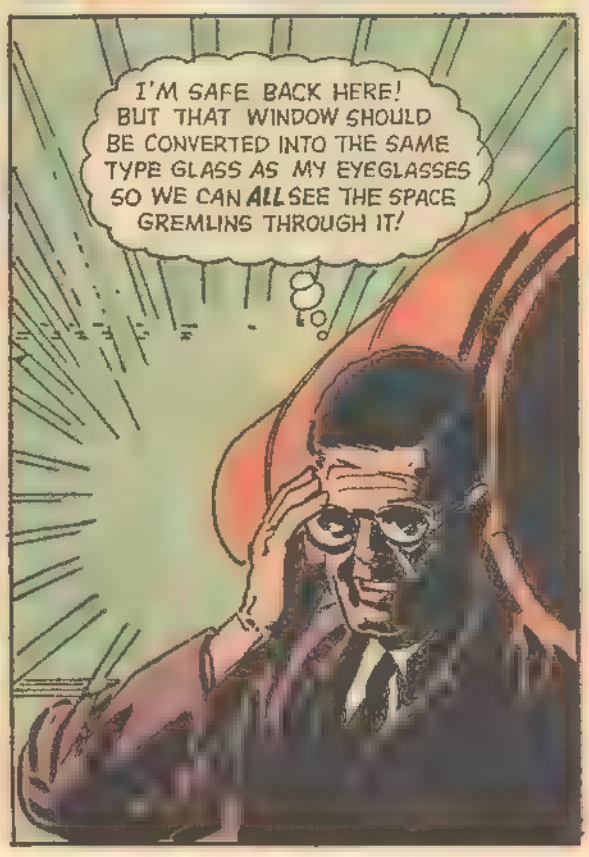
WHEN VISITORS ARE PERMITTED, THE FIRST IS THE HEAD OF THE SPACE AGENCY...




PROFESSIONAL PRIDE WINS OUT OVER RANCOR! HE GRABS A PENCIL AND BUSILY SKETCHES, ALTERING, CORRECTING...
ON THE RETURN JOURNEY WEIGHT WON'T BE SUCH A PROBLEM DUE TO FUEL CONSUMPTION EN ROUTE TO MARS! MAXIMIZE YOUR DIRECTIONAL SYSTEM LIKE THIS --
BRILLIANT! AND SO OBVIOUS-- NOW!

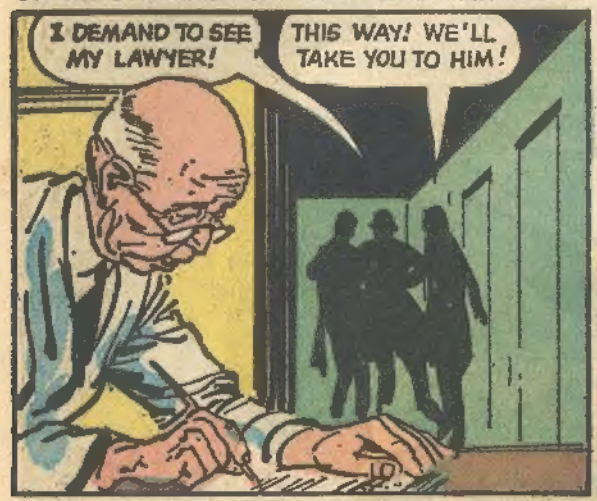
THEN, IN A FIT OF ANGER, STANLEY STRONG RIPS THE PAPER...
STOP!! WHAT ARE YOU--
YOU WANT ME TO REDESIGN THE SHIP? PUT ME BACK AT MY DESK AT THE BASE!


FORCING THE OFFICIAL'S HAND, STRONG IS GRANTED HIS RELEASE! BUT ONCE BACK AT THE MISSILE CENTER, HE SETS TO WORK ON A STARTLING PROJECT OF HIS OWN...
THIS SHOULD DUPLICATE THE TYPE AND INTENSITY OF RADIATION THAT HIT MY EYEGLASSES!

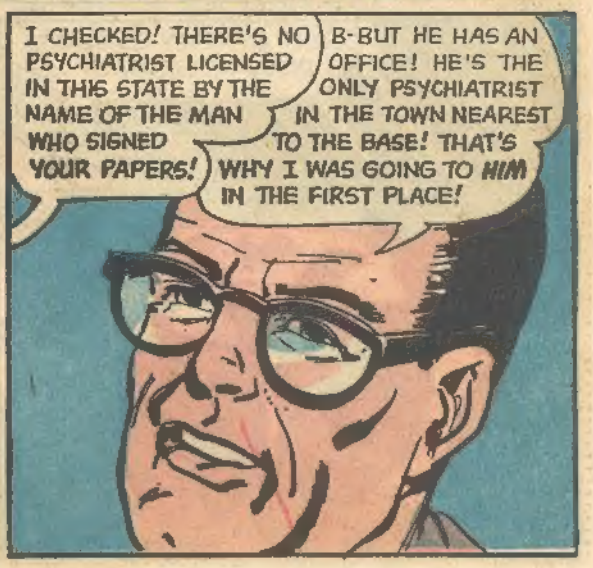

I'M SAFE BACK HERE! BUT THAT WINDOW SHOULD BE CONVERTED INTO THE SAME TYPE GLASS AS MY EYEGLASSES SO WE CAN ALL SEE THE SPACE GREMLINS THROUGH IT!

FINDING NO RESIDUAL RADIATION, STRONG REMAINS IN THE ROOM, STARING FIXEDLY OUT THE WINDOW...
THEY MUST COME! THEN WE CAN SEE THEM--ALL OF US AND THEY'LL HAVE TO BELIEVE!
NO, THAT'S FOOLISH! SUPPOSE THEY JUST PASS BY! BY THE TIME I'D GET THE OTHERS, THEY'D BE GONE! I'LL BRING SOME OF THE MEN IN HERE NOW TO WAIT WITH ME!
COLLARING TWO SMALLER COLLEAGUES, STRONG SHOVES THEM TOWARD THE SEEMINGLY ORDINARY WINDOW...
LET US GO! WE'VE WORK TO DO!
YOUR WORK IS HERE--OBSERVING THE SPACE GREMLINS WHEN THEY PASS!
AN HOUR SLOWLY TICKS BY, AS THE ANNOYED MEN WATCH AND WAIT...
IF WE STAY ANY LONGER, WE'RE AS CRAZY AS STRONG!
LET'S GO!
NO! JUST WAIT A LITTLE LONGER!
STRONG, YOU CAN'T EXPECT US TO REMAIN HERE FOREVER OVER THIS NONSENSE! YOU'RE JUST AGGRAVATING YOUR CONDITION! WE'RE LEAVING!

A HURRIED CALL TO THE PSYCHIATRIST ENDS WITH STRONG'S COMMITMENT INTO A MENTAL HOSPITAL...



A DAY LATER, STRONG'S DOOR IS OPENED...

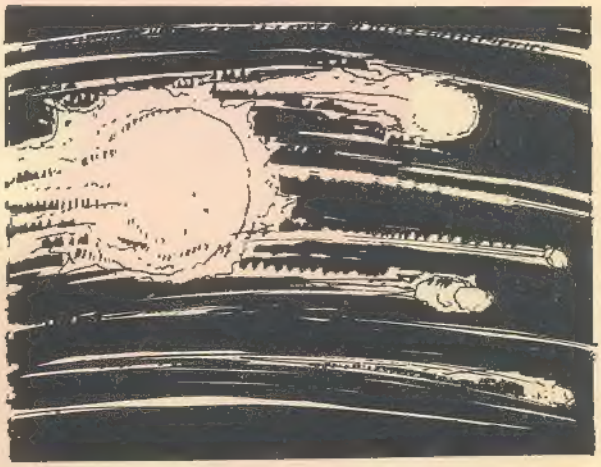

I CHECKED! THERE'S NO PSYCHIATRIST LICENSED IN THIS STATE BY THE NAME OF THE MAN WHO SIGNED YOUR PAPERS!
B-BUT HE HAS AN OFFICE! HE'S THE ONLY PSYCHIATRIST IN THE TOWN NEAREST TO THE BASE! THAT'S WHY I WAS GOING TO HIM IN THE FIRST PLACE!

PUZZLED AND BEWILDERED, PROFESSOR STRONG RETURNS TO THE BASE...
NOTHING MAKES SENSE ANY MORE! I MUST HAVE IMAGINED IT ALL-- EVEN THE PSYCHIATRIST!
NO--NOT A SPACE GREMLIN IN SIGHT! WELL, MAYBE THIS TEMPORARY MADNESS *HAS* ENDED AND I CAN GET DOWN TO WORK ON THE MAN-TO-MARS PROGRAM!
THEN AN AMAZING SIGHT COMES INTO VIEW! GAPING WITH DISBELIEF, STANLEY STRONG STARES AT THE ALIEN CRAFT THAT LANDS OUTSIDE! A HATCH OPENS AND UP SWARMS A LINE OF HURRYING CREATURES...
IT'S NO USE! WE CANNOT PREVENT THESE EARTH CREATURES FROM SPACE TRAVEL OR PERHAPS EVEN DETECTING AND REACHING OUR PLANET!
TRUE! OUR ORDERS ARE TO RETURN HOME!
FOR A WHILE, I THOUGHT I *COULD* KEEP OUR EXISTENCE SECRET...
... BUT EVEN MY ELABORATE DISGUISE *FAILED!*
THE END

A VERY RECENT THEORY OF THE FORMATION OF THE UNIVERSE TELLS US THAT ONCE ALL WAS EXTREMELY HOT, DENSE GAS...

IN MANY MILLIONS OF YEARS THE GASSES EXPANDED AND BECAME SEPARATE DENSE CLOUDS, THEIR TEMPERATURES LOWERING VERY GRADUALLY...

NEUTRONS, POSITRONS, ELECTRONS MADE UP THE GASSES. THEY COMBINED IN MANY DIFFERENT PROPORTIONS TO FORM ELEMENTS...



AFTER TWO BILLION YEARS, THE GASSES BECAME SOLIDS OF GREAT MASS...

COLLISION OF THE MASSES OCCURRED, CAUSING THE FIRST FORMATIONS THAT WOULD BECOME THE STARS AND PLANETS.

LIKE ALL STARS, OUR OWN SUN IS COOLING. WHEN THE HEAT IS GONE, ALL LIFE ON EARTH WILL DIE... ABOUT THE YEAR ***10 BILLION A.D.!***

New Daisy Model 26 combines B·B Gun fun with the looks of a .22

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